

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2346

London
June 12, 1946



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THE TATLER

LONDON
JUNE 12, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXX. No. 2346



Her Majesty Queen Mary

Our beloved Queen-Mother was among the members of the Royal Family who attended the wedding of the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone to the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, lady-in-waiting to Princess Elizabeth. Her Majesty celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday on Sunday, May 26, of this year, and during the day she visited the King and Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone. Over the weekend messages and telegrams of congratulation were received at Marlborough House from all over Great Britain and the Empire, and the United States

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Bread and Greatness

How precious, how engaging a quality is candour among statesmen! For years our Press and our Ministers have contorted themselves to avoid saying one word that might hurt the susceptibilities of the American people. The result has been an American suspicion that we were "soft-soaping" them, and puzzled British resentment when the American Government behaved incomprehensibly—in an apparently egotistical, close-fisted manner. But now Mr. Morrison has informed us that the real difficulty in the food situation lies in persuading the American public of the actual danger and their responsibility. This tart truth may cause temporary irritation. But in the long run it can only do good. For it reveals to us the difficulties that beset a fundamentally benign administration in Washington, when it tries to induce the American nation to understand the necessity for the continued survival of an outside, non-American world.

There are a host of superficial reasons for this indifference. Even a foreigner, however passionately European, grows already on the Atlantic coast to think of the Old World as a remote dream. When he progresses westward, the news of a Greek famine or a German political crisis becomes increasingly hard to find on the back page of the local newspaper (we must remember that there exists no such thing in the U.S.A. as a "national" newspaper like *The Times*). A "sex-slaying," the obscure manoeuvres of American Trade Unionism, a new hair-do for

Miss Veronica Lake leave little room in the Press west of the Alleghenies for the antics of that other half of the globe, which in any case many Americans are taught to regard as decadent, inefficient, and irredeemably damned.

In addition, at this moment, America has built an extra wall round herself by passionately reaffirming an economic faith which goes directly against the trend of almost the entire rump of the world. When "rugged individualism" is the state religion, how can you expect the average American to assume responsibility for starvation in Bengal, or chaos in the Ruhr? Yet, somehow, he must learn to, if he is to justify his boast of belonging to the greatest nation on earth. National greatness is something more than the right to one's motor car, and to an unlimited supply of ice-cream. It also carries duties. But the technique of being nationally great is as complicated, as hard to acquire as that of painting or pitching a baseball with genius. The Byzantine Emperor, Palæologus, who came to Blackheath about the year 1400 to invoke the new King's—Henry IV's—help against the Turks, regarded the ceremonial of

English life—rather as we do the uncouth pretensions of some Balkan capital; those cat-like Venetian Ambassadors, who reported home every twist of the bloody Tudor labyrinth, saw little promise of greatness in us—only an intense vitality, and a tendency to inordinate verbosity in our public speeches. Yes, greatness needs centuries of practice. . . .



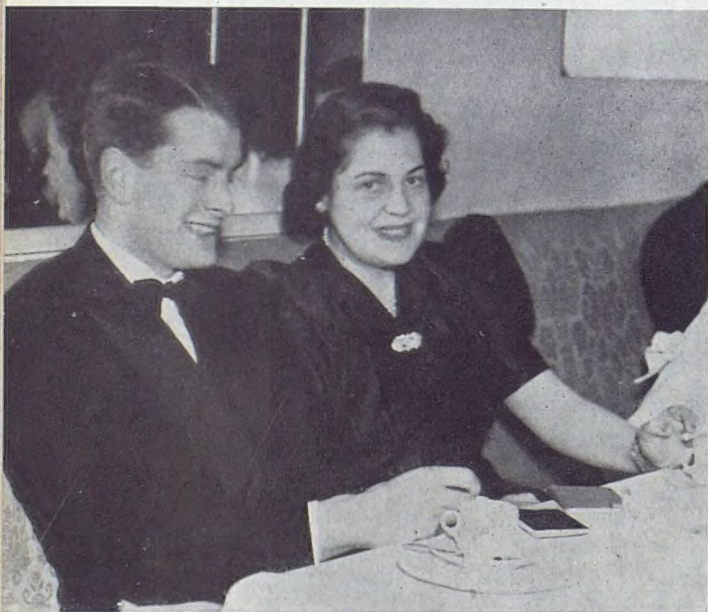
WE found ourselves a few evenings ago at a ball, which seemed to dissipate many idiotic horrors of the present age. After supper two famous cabaret artists performed their competent turns. The younger guests passionately greeted their sallies; but whether from fatigue, familiarity, or advancing age, we were unable to join in the clapping.

Of course there is nothing so riotously funny as Sex; the more one laughs at it, the less one takes it gravely, the happier for everybody. But as turn after turn buffeted the same worn sail, we began to wonder if they did not symbolize the immaturity of our liberation from Victorian taboos, whether they were not like the daring words children gabble off while nurse is out of the room. The French, touched so lightly by the agonies of Calvinism, having known a nineteenth century so different from ours, have advanced in their frivolous songs far beyond the sexy joke as an end in itself. Take the ditties of Agnes Capri, in our generation; or those of Yvette Guilbert, dating from half a century back, yet acquiring a new immortality today. Of course, they contain many an erotic quip; but they are presented suavely, like the magical flavour of garlic just rubbed on to the salad bowl. Whereas, these English songs, at the glittering ball, seemed like a defiance hurled squarely at a pack of Covenanter and dissenting ancestors who frowned just behind the two pairs of knowing shoulders.



Migration

At last the day of crisis arrived, forty-eight hours since, when the painters had retreated to one obscure corner of our new house, and the furniture was delivered from the oblivion of a repository. The train ran with almost pre-war discretion through a plain of buttercups, ended only on the south by watchful, unbroken bastions of the Downs. Just under them, behind those pompous trees, lay Harwell,



Food and Conversation in London After Dark: The Mirabell

Captain I. M. Tennant and Lady Margaret Ogilvy who is one of the Earl and Countess of Airlie's three daughters

Mrs. A. C. Pilkington, Mrs. Drummond Moray, Mr. Andrew Drummond Moray, and Mr. A. C. Pilkington

with its memories of childhood flower shows, and its promise today of becoming capital of our atomic world. Steventon Station (was it the Steventon of Miss Austen's early years?) and the Cowless where my father suffered the Waterloo of his sporting career. One season he reared an unusual number of birds, and asked the best shots among his cronies to deal with them.

On the eve of the distinguished day his woods seemed to boil with pheasants; but at the first drive next morning not half a dozen were flushed. The second was no better, the third a bleak disaster. During the night poachers from Wantage had raided the covers and stripped them clean. . . .

The railway infelicities of Swindon were far behind, and now I had reached the village. Hitherto, I had always thought of it in connection with two friends of ours, or with their ancestor, a great diplomat of the early eighteenth century, who was, I reckon, as responsible as any man for the ravages of gout among subsequent generations of the English "ruling classes." But now I suppose, it becomes part of my life, and I part of it.

The Village

It looked very handsome in the radiant evening light, with its graceful pediments and windows, its dove-grey stone. Invisible on the heavy branches, doves were cooing; from the Palladian Town Hall came the strains of "I can't give you anything but love, baby." Looking up at the noble windows of the first floor, one could just see young soldiers, caps smartly tucked into shoulder straps, dancing their girls around to a rhythm so correct you almost heard the click of the metronome. . . .

Possessions

ALREADY the house was littered with our chattels. A score of elegant, if slightly buttered cords renewed their coils round my heart. Pauline Borghese Cafer-Canoval still reclined in that lovely fashionable nakedness that so upset Napoleon's ideas of family decorum. From the top of the gilt mirror in Berain's manner, and shaped like the pro-

scenium of a theatre, the wooden feathers had come away. But it will not be difficult to mend; and even dishevelled and dirty it sends over me a sudden tide of pleasure.

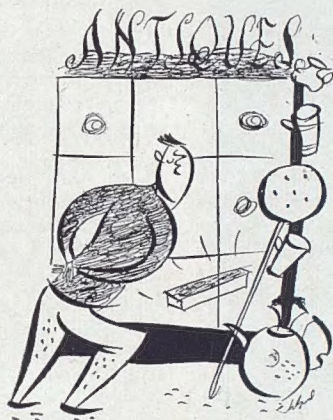
Many of my friends, of whom the most eloquent is Mr. Peter Quennell, while delighting in fine objects, feel no urge for possession. The sight of works of art in a gallery or in a friend's house is enough. I understand the fear in this precarious age of becoming bogged down in a morass of attachments—children, lovers, horses, cats, objects, even dogs; certainly during the blitz I knew no physical fear to equal my agony of mind when I thought two of my most precious pictures had been destroyed in the bombing of Messrs. Spink's King Street shop, early in 1944. But not even that moment of anguish cured me of this possessive collecting instinct, which Henry James understood so profoundly,

and described so subtly in *The Spoils of Poynton*. As I write, for instance, it wracks me more savagely than ever. For in an antique shop not far from my new home I have seen a cylindrical box, for bodkins or pencils, without which my life henceforward will seem dead. It is of gold, decorated in Vernis Martin of fabulous quality. Against a background the colour of the light underside of an olive leaf, and faintly powdered with gold, fly tropic birds of the richest plumage, in the manner of Oudry.

Indeed, I would hardly be surprised to learn that he himself designed them. Can I, can't I, dare I afford it?

. . . He Wanted

THE first night, electricity not yet being on, we slept at the local inn. At eight next morning the wireless began to blare. Foxtrots, talks on needlework, the exquisite singing of the late Conchita Supervia—it was all one to the cook in the courtyard below. What he wanted was noise. When the machine began to play a hideous military march, and someone turned it down, "Turn that there radio full up again," he bellowed, "or I'll cut out your liver else!"



Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's Youngest Daughter Married

The King of the Hellenes attended the wedding of Mr. George FitzRoy Seymour, younger son of Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour, to the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden at St. Margaret's, Westminster, recently. The Rev. Lord Byron, uncle of the bridegroom, and Canon A. C. Don officiated. The bride was given away by her father, and four pages, four child bridesmaids, and four older bridesmaids attended her. Captain Rupert Buchanan-Jardine, Royal Horse Guards, was best man



At a Sofa Table For Two: The Orchid Club

Ivan Goff, who is one of the American joint authors of "Portrait in Black" at the Piccadilly theatre, with Mrs. Paravicini, daughter of Somerset Maugham

Swabe



JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

Record Low

THERE is an old story of a man who, coming out of a London theatre for a drink between the acts, went back and only when he dived for his hat discovered that he was in the theatre next door. So much for the similarity of your fashionable West End comedies. I remember, to my disgrace, playing the same sort of trick on an old lady at Bognor before the war. She was one of those old girls with whom the bow-windows of the selecter and smaller hotels bulge. Before going into lunch she had been reading Denise Gloy's *Purple Daisies*, leaving it open face downwards on the table. Now I happened to notice that this was one of the hotel's books, all of them bound with the same material. So I restored this one to its shelf, and substituted Ursula Glue's *Pink Buttercups*, which I placed face downwards like the other, and open at the same page. I then snatched a mouthful and half-bottle, and over a good brandy and cigar awaited results. Nothing happened. The old lady resumed reading, and having left Elaine in trouble proceeded to welcome Evadne's baby.

SOMETHING of the same sort happened to me a few hours before I sat down to write these notes. I had intended to see Ginger Rogers in something called *Heartbeat* (Odeon, Leicester Square), which some preliminary "literature" told me was all about a young orphan who had run away from a girl's reformatory where she had been unjustly placed by her foster parents. I quote:

Arlette confides to a fellow pupil, Yves (Mikhail Rasumny), her burning desire to lead an honest life. He tells her the only way to do this is to spend three thousand francs to purchase a husband "in name only"—a man whom, he explains, she need never see, but whose name will protect her until she comes of age so that she need not return to the reformatory. But how to obtain three thousand francs? Yves tells her: "You must steal once in order to remain honest for ever." Arlette is caught by her first and only victim, a distinguished Ambassador (Adolphe Menjou), but the latter, instead of handing her over to the police, dresses her as a society debutante and has her escorted to an official ball, where she is entrusted with the delicate assignment of stealing a watch from Pierre des Roches (Jean Pierre Aumont), a promising young diplomat.

I desire at this point to call attention to the fact that this film, proclaimed as "Sam Wood's *Heartbeat*," is a plagiarism from *Battement de Cœur*, with Danielle Darrieux, scenario by Jean Villement and Max Colpert, directed by Henri Decoin, and shown at Studio One on May 14th, 1945. Whereas the programme makes no acknowledgment of any kind whatever, except in the very smallest possible print "Adaptation by Morrie Ryskind." But no information as to adaptation from what. It is no defence that the American company has bought the rights in the French film. *The public, not being informed, is not to know of any deal between the American and the French companies.* Even in the worst days of the English theatre, round about the sixties, all our French borrowings were acknowledged; there is an international courtesy in these matters, I would even say a moral principle, which Hollywood should observe.

AND then I found myself watching something which appeared to have nothing whatever to do with Miss Rogers and her heartbeats, but was all about Myrna Loy and her whimsy-whamsies, among which should be included bouncing about like a Surbiton Millamant with a dash of one of Grosvenor Square's upper housemaids, throwing away a fortune in order to marry Don Ameche, an inventor of sorts. Presently with some coyness she produces a pair of baby-bootees which tell her husband that she is going to have a child. (This is the kind of thing—visual montage I think they call it—which throws our higher-browed lady critics into ecstasies.) Anyhow, the kid is born, and what was talent for invention in the father becomes genius for practical joking in the son, and we are entertained with this youngster's exploits until the time comes for Myrna to exhibit another pair of baby-bootees, only this time it is a baby-bonnet. Whereupon the youngster gets hold of the bonnet and ties it on Rover, the dog. And there's a lot of fun. Rover won't come out from under the sofa; the sofa has to be moved; and the effort of moving it proves too much for Myrna, who is next seen in bed in white chiffon with the doctor looking grave. Downstairs the inventor cries, the youngster cries, and the dog cries. And the doctor would be crying too, except that he has to phone for a specialist. The next thing we see is the youngster praying and the inventor praying, and the dog going into the garden and gazing soulfully up at Myrna's bedroom window, through which, presently,

comes the cry of a new-born child. And the film ends with a famous painter making a picture of the baby, the youngster, Don Ameche and the dog. And Myrna? Yes, she's round and about somewhere in a nursing-gown of black velvet trimmed with ermine. It seemed to me that there had been a miscarriage somewhere, though whether of art, taste or sense I didn't know. Perhaps it was just that I had miscarried myself to the Leicester Square Theatre instead of the Odeon. To me, frightening performances by Loy and Ameche, but watch out for Bobby Driscoll! The title of this nonsense? *A Genius in the Family*.

SOME of our film critics have been making a deal of fuss about a new performer called Clifton Webb, in a film entitled *Dark Corner* (Gaumont). Well, I went to see this picture, which seemed to me a reasonably exciting detective thriller with William Bendix playing everybody off the screen as usual. There were three personable young men in it, though I couldn't discover which was Clifton Webb, the best of them in my view being a young man with fairish hair that I thought wasn't C. W.

AND now, dear readers, how many of you have been to the revival of classic films at the Unity Theatre in Goldington Street, N.W.1? The revivals ran for a fortnight, and if you tell me that that wasn't sufficient opportunity I just don't believe you. I hold that Montague was right when he said about dramatic criticism that it was like putting a ring through the public's nose, the progress achieved bearing no relation to the amount of squealing and grunting. I think the same thing holds true of film criticism, only more so. Which of you went to see the revival of *The Blue Angel*? I remember how astonished everybody was when Emil Jannings declined to repeat the performances he had given in other films. Jannings, you see, was an artist, and the directors of these German films had hit upon the extraordinary notion that an artist should be allowed to repeat his part and not himself. I admit, of course, that

Actor Robert Morley at Home With

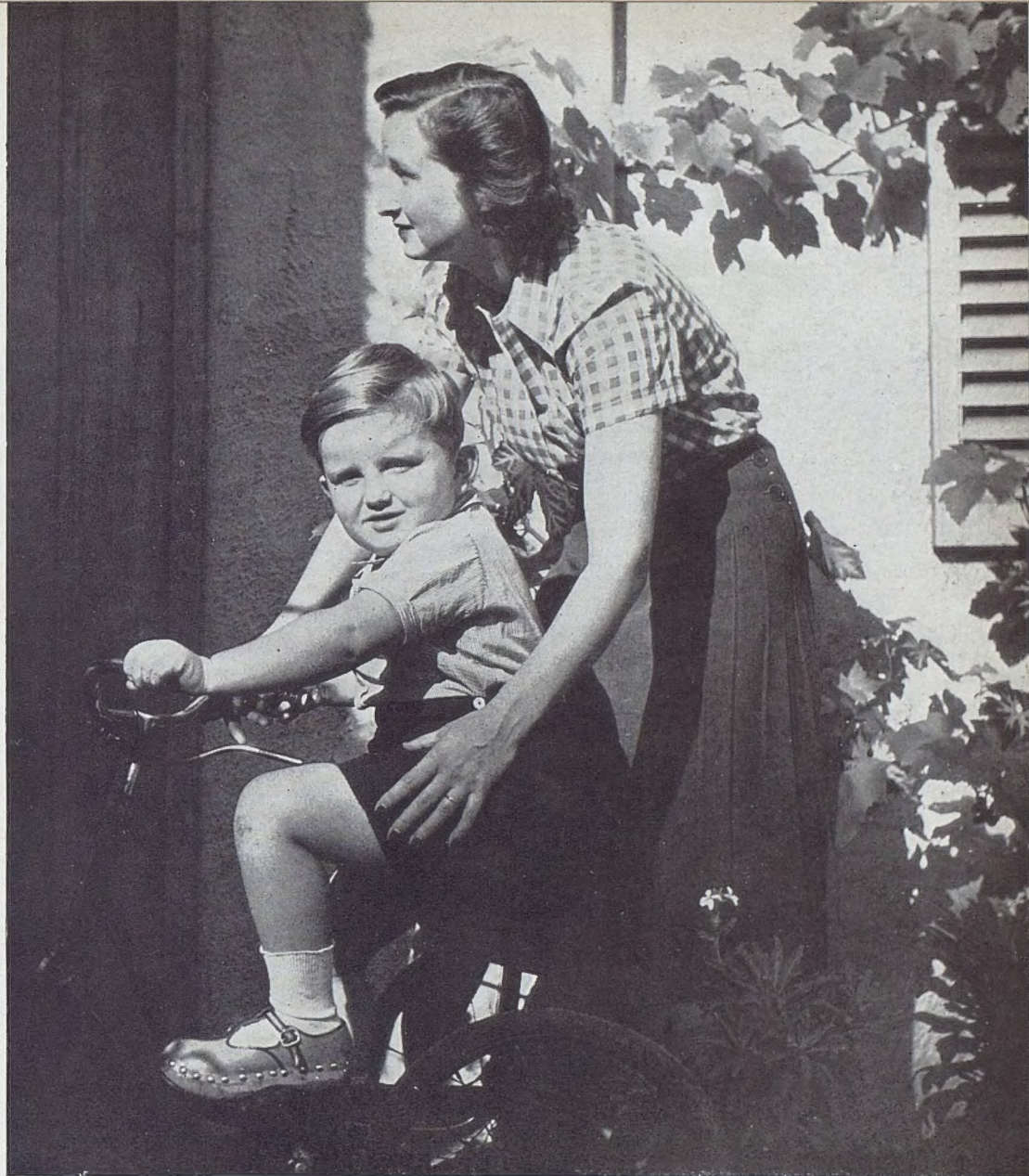


Photographs by Gilbert Adams

Father and Son

there was a certain sameness about these pictures. The bank cashier who embezzled the bank's money and spent it on a *cocotte* who chucked him as soon as his plunder was exhausted, the keeper of the night haunt who squandered his fortune among his own girls and then died in an avalanche of retributive snow, the schoolmaster who, in *The Blue Angel*, visits a low music-hall to reclaim his pupils and, falling a victim to the leading siren, embarks upon a career of shipwreck, ending with his death in his old master's seat—all these are obviously the same formula. But it is fair to say that this similarity is this film's only weakness, and even so it is redeemed by Jannings's power to present another man while still remaining Jannings. This marks the great actor.

I shall not have space to go over the well-remembered excellences of this film, and therefore one incident must suffice. Jannings, dismissed from his school, marries the siren, which is the only improbability in the picture, since she must know that he can now have no money. But this improbability is to be overlooked in view of what is to come. At the wedding-breakfast the music-hall proprietor, who is also a conjurer, produces eggs from the Professor's nose, whereupon his bride clucks like a hen and Jannings crows vaingloriously. In the course of his degradation the Professor sinks to be the butt of the music-hall, and must crow whenever it pleases the conjurer, now his employer, to produce his eggs. In the course of his servitude the touring company returns to the town where the Professor once taught, and before all his old students he must give his performance of fearful ignominy. He does so; his mind breaks, and the crowing becomes that of a madman. Everybody else in the film is extraordinarily good, including the young German scholars who, incredibly enough, do not yelp: "Say, teacher, that's C.K. by me!" The tiny part of the headmaster is played to perfection, and so is that of the music-hall proprietor. Remains only Marlene Dietrich, as to whom I can only say, as I said years ago, that she makes Reason tetter on her throne.



Mrs. Morley (the former Joan Buckmaster) playing with Sheridan

His Wife and Small Son Sheridan



The Morleys' Country House near Wargrave



"The First Gentleman" with one of his Pekingese

The Theatre

"Portrait in Black" (Piccadilly)



Ronald Squire as Rupert Marlowe, whose cautious threats and urbane insinuations end him with a bullet in his back

IF we fall into the habit of murdering people, no doubt the thing becomes a routine, and one job of work is very like another. But we have not all acquired the habit. We mostly like to think that murder in the theatre should be a bit of an occasion. The polite San Francisco doctor who wants to marry the rich shipowner's elegant widow, only murders (so far as we know) two men: the widow's husband and her former lover, a not unreasonable number; but it is his general attitude of mind that has such a belittling effect upon the drama.

MURDER is with him a branch of medical science. Some obstruction to his future happiness appears. A major operation is evidently necessary, and he carries it out with the nerveless efficiency of a surgeon doing his morning's work. The wrong decision, tch, tch! But the widow's step-daughter also shows an obstructive tendency. He examines her case with brisk professional acuity, and (how reassuring his manner!) decides against a major operation. The Irish chauffeur seems to require attention. With his clever doctor's fingers he half chokes the fellow, but the secret pops out, as he knew it would when the proper pressure was applied, and again he sees no need to operate. Now from our point of view it is simply not good enough that the relations of murderer and murderees should be those of doctor and patients. If the murderer takes a strictly professional view of his lethal duties and is a skilful practitioner then, no matter how deftly the authors, Mr. Ivan Goff and Mr. Ben Roberts, contrive matters, anybody may meet his doom at any moment and the dialogue is bound to seem dreadfully cut and dried. It would be like eating sawdust to swallow this piece if it were not so slickly and stylishly served.

For the widow, the doctor's confederate and grande passion, is as inhuman in her hates as

the doctor in his practice. She has hated her husband, and, though he was dying anyway, the doctor has obligingly hastened his end. She hates her former lover, and suggests to her doctor that this rival suitor is probably the author of an anonymous blackmailing letter. But after the fellow has succumbed to the major operation there is another letter. She hates her step-daughter, she hates her small boy, she hates her servants and ultimately it appears that, though determined to marry her confederate, she does not exactly love him. It grows upon us steadily that the central figure of the melodrama is a pathological case. The woman is divided from herself and her fair judgment "without the which" (as Hamlet's mother said) "we are pictures or mere beasts," and by ceasing to be responsible for her actions ceases to be human.

MISS DIANA WYNYARD, pale and still and beautiful in exquisitely fashioned black gowns and costumes, is certainly "a picture," and her professional adviser and lover is Mr. Hugh Williams, who matches her dresses with manners of exquisite cut. Even after his attempt at highway murder has failed, and he takes a second shot at his patient in the spacious lounge-hall of his mistress's house, he is as quiet and self-possessed as he might be in an operating theatre; and Miss Wynyard, seeing that he has arrived and is pointing his pistol, sweeps aside with chilly, leisurely distinction and turns to watch results. They are eminently satisfactory: the victim, though shot dead, does not bleed. It is Mr. Ronald Squire who thus considerably dies; and he has contributed to the stylish display of quiet melodrama not only by playing a vain old roué in an imperial beard, but by directing the ceremonies with a style as neat (though necessarily as unpersuasive) as that of the authors. In sum, sawdust washed down by copious draughts of good acting.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Larry Burns as Cob O'Brien the rascally Irish chauffeur who does not believe in telling the truth until it is squeezed out of him



Diana Wynyard as Tanis Talbot, Ann Leon as Winifred Talbot, and Hugh Williams as Dr. Philip Graham: Tanis Talbot, the widow, and her lover, Philip Graham, do not stop at murder in their infatuation for each other, while Winifred Talbot realizes only too well that there is more to her step-mother than meets the eye



Franz Joseph II., Prince of Liechtenstein, and His Wife, the Former Countess Gina von Wilczek

“The Tatler” Visits—

PRINCE FRANZ JOSEPH II., RULER OF LIECHTENSTEIN

These are the first pictures to be taken by a British photographer of Liechtenstein's ruling Prince, at his ancestral seat, the Castle of Vaduz, since his accession in 1938

HIDDEN away in the heart of Europe there is Liechtenstein, a fairy-tale kingdom ruled by a prince, who lives in a castle high up in the mountains, overlooking a great valley with orchards and green fields stretching down to the banks of a wide river.

In the tourist office in Bern they seemed startled when I announced that I was going to Liechtenstein. Research failed to reveal the name of a single hotel; indeed, there appeared to be no hotels at all. The waitress

in the station buffet at Buchs, close to the Austrian frontier, assumed a despondent air, but obligingly summoned two policemen. They explained, alternately in French and German, that to enter Liechtenstein territory without a special visa would probably be impossible. However, they could telephone to Bern and make enquiries. But, of course, not until after the lunch-hour. And the Swiss are very punctilious about their lunch-hour. It lasts from twelve until two o'clock.

THE sun was sinking behind the jagged peaks of the Canton of St. Gallen as I sallied triumphantly across the frontier in the local taxi bound for Vaduz. The railway has ignored the capital of this “pocket” Principality, with its enchanting white-walled houses, which in the sunshine seem to be made of Dresden china. Few of them are very old, since the entire settlement has several times been razed to the ground by fire. In the main street, where

(Continued over)



The Courtyard of the Castle of Vaduz is the ancestral home of the ruling Prince of Europe's third smallest independent State. Prince Franz Joseph II. succeeded his great-uncle as ruling Prince in 1938



Count Ferdinand Wilczek and his grandson, Prince Hans Adam, son and heir of Prince Franz Joseph

"The Tatler" Visits Prince Franz Joseph II. of Liechtenstein (Continued)

large-eyed children with flaxen hair, wearing embroidered aprons, pause to greet you with a "*Gruss Gott*," there used to be a notice warning the population not to smoke in the open on windy days. On the edge of a steep cliff, high above the town, stands the ancient Castle of Vaduz—the seat of Liechtenstein's Hereditary Ruling Prince, Franz Joseph the Second, whose photograph, and that of his Princess wife, hangs in every shop and chalet.

It is fantastic to think that the entire area of this little country—which has been a Sovereign State for over 200 years—is about equal to one-tenth the size of Greater London. If you are feeling energetic, you can easily walk across it between an early breakfast and a late lunch.

LIECHTENSTEIN has its own postage stamps, Parliament, Swiss currency, and probably the most up-to-date factory for making false teeth in the whole of Europe. Its few scattered villages have unusual Rhaeto-Romanic-sounding names, such as Triesen, Masescha and Planken. The inhabitants speak German and have Austrian charm. There is no army. Military service was abolished in 1868, two years after the then ruling Prince of Liechtenstein had gone to war with Austria against Prussia, with an expeditionary force of eighty men. As the Prince apparently forgot to sign the peace treaty of Prague—which did not mention his country—the Principality still remained, in theory, at war with Prussia. When Bismarck used to come

to the Swiss spa of Ragatz, he avoided Liechtenstein territory, retorting indignantly, "My country is at war with this people."

I WAS sorry that I could not photograph Andreas Kleiber, the last remaining soldier of the Liechtenstein army. He died only a short time ago at the age of ninety-five. When Hitler invaded Austria, Kleiber put on his uniform for the last time and kept vigil on the frontier, together with a force of seven policemen, some civilian reserves and a covey of Swiss Customs officials.

Liechtenstein fascinated me, but I wished there had been fewer thunderstorms. It was nice to climb up into the woods above the castle, where the Alpine violets and the gentians grow. There the silence is only broken by the shrill cry of a marmot or the blast of the horn of the Prince's motor, flying its black and red pennant.

One morning, when the mist hung low over the mountains, I was received by Prince Franz Joseph in a high-ceilinged room with fresco-patterned walls, dominated by an imposing stone-canopied chimney-piece. He is a modest, dark-haired man of thirty-nine, whose English was a great deal better than my German. Neither he, nor his charming young wife, has ever been to Britain. They were married a year ago last March, and have a baby son called Hans Adam, who was playing in the courtyard as I arrived, with his grandfather, Count Ferdinand Wilczek.

THE Princess showed me all over the castle—an immense building, which was restored by the present Prince's great-uncle, Franz Joseph the First. It dates mainly from the fifteenth century, and has one of the most beautiful private chapels that I have ever seen. I even saw the kitchens, where the cooking is done on a stove fed entirely with wood. Seated at two big tables in an adjoining room, the castle servants were having their midday meal. In the depths of the old keep, which has walls of incredible thickness, are stored the contents of the world-famous Liechtenstein Gallery from Vienna. This originally belonged to the Prince's great-aunt, and narrowly escaped confiscation by the Nazis.

Later, in a house tucked away in the woods, I met Prince Emanuel—a cousin of the ruling Prince—who took a prominent part in the Boy Scout movement on the Continent before the war. He is Liechtenstein's Chief Scout and knows England well.

IT was due to the kind offices of Count de Bendorf—Liechtenstein's Diplomatic Counsellor, whom I recently photographed at his aviary-home near Neuchâtel—that I had the good fortune to find myself in this unique country. A Utopia, indeed, of contentment, calm and fertility, where the putty-coloured waters of the Rhine flow silently by and the church bells of Feldkirch ring out from across the valley that leads to the Austrian Vorarlberg.

Photographed and Told by Brodrick Haldane



The Princess of Liechtenstein in her sitting-room. She married Prince Franz Joseph in 1915 and was formerly Countess Gina von Wilczek

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Prince Charles Emanuel is a cousin of the ruling Prince. He took a prominent part in the Boy Scout Movement in Europe before the war, and is a son of the late Prince John of Liechtenstein



Countess Marietta Palfy is an aunt of the Princess of Liechtenstein. She is standing in the main courtyard of Castle Vaduz



The Old Keep of Castle Vaduz. The castle, which stands on the edge of a perpendicular cliff, dates from the fifteenth century, though the keep is reputed to have been built in the ninth century. Its position is high above the Rhine Valley, close to the Austrian frontier

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE Empire party at Buckingham Palace, at which the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, the Dominions Secretary and Viscountess Addison, Mr. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, Field-Marshal Smuts, of South Africa, Mr. Walter Nash, deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, and Mrs. Nash, and Mr. Beasley (successor to Mr. Stanley Bruce as Australian Minister in London) were among the guests of Their Majesties, was notable as one of the rare occasions on which Mr. Winston Churchill was present with members of the Government which displaced him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Churchill, and the Royal gesture of inviting the great war leader, who sat in so many great Imperial conferences throughout the years of struggle, to the banquet marking the end of the first post-war Empire talks, was one that was much appreciated by both Dominion and home guests.

To General Smuts, as Premier of the Dominion shortly to be visited by the King and Queen, went the place of distinction between the Queen and Princess Elizabeth: with both of whom the veteran statesman talked over plans for next year's venture. After the dinner, which was served in the Household Dining Room, there was a small reception to other guests who had attended or taken part in the talks. The King and Queen and the Princess received guests in the Bow Saloon, which has become, in effect, the official Royal reception-room, afterwards talking and moving informally among them.

THE KING DINES OUT

A NEW departure, too, was recently made by His Majesty when he went out to dine at an hotel for the first time since long before the war. It was to attend the dinner of that exclusive circle of ardent horticulturists, the Garden Society, of which Lord Wigram is the

moving spirit, that the King drove to the Dorchester, where, by a happy coincidence, Princess Elizabeth was also dining, at the first annual dinner-dance of the Navy League. The King, who arrived with his brother-in-law, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, came in through the Deanery Street entrance, and few of the couples sitting in the lounge noticed the Royal party passing across the balcony on their way to the Park Suite. Before he left, the King looked in for a moment or two at the Navy League dance. This ball raised the magnificent sum of £10,000 for the Navy League, a record for any ball.

MUSICAL AT-HOME

A CHARMING way to entertain her guests was chosen by Mrs. Washington Singer when she sent out invitations for an At-Home with music. After tea her guests listened to two excellent artistes, Miss Daisy Good, an attractive young pianist with lovely auburn hair, who played with great feeling, and Mr. John Hugo, who is well known in opera. Both artistes had to give many encores. The hostess had her three daughters—Mrs. Edgar Barker, Mrs. Alan Stephen and Mrs. Freddie Hennessy (who looked most attractive in a gay print)—to help her entertain her guests. Among them were those great lovers of music the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who sat near their hostess, as did H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador with Mme. Moniz de Aragao, who was wearing one of the fashionable "boaters" far back on her head. The Estonian Minister was accompanied by Mme. Tarma.

I also met Lady McCann, wife of the Commissioner for South Australia, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Lady George Alexander, and Lord Elibank, who was sitting with Lady Elibank. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was telling friends about her visit to Lisbon with Sir Weldon,

which she had enjoyed. Kathleen Countess of Drogheda came with Lord Foley. Two great musical hostesses of pre-war days, Lady Mulleneux Grayson and the Dowager Lady Swaythling, were there too; the latter told me she was going on to another concert at the Albert Hall that evening. Also enjoying the music were Prince and Princess Galitzine, Lady Seton-Karr, Mrs. Eastly, Lady Suenson-Taylor, wearing a beautiful pair of the fashionable platina foxes; Mrs. Harry Wagg, who told me her daughter, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, has already sold a lot of tickets for the Midsummer Ball on June 21st, for which she is chairman; Lady Shakespeare, Lady Sassoon, Lady Charles Conyngham, Mr. Freddie Hennessy, Mrs. Sydney Baillieu Myer, of Melbourne, and Sir Cecil and Lady Weir.

FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS AT DEBUTANTE DANCE

FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS, who is godfather to the Hon. Karis Mond, stood beside Lady Melchett as she received the guests at the very good dance she gave for her only daughter and her son, the Hon. Julian Mond. This was a more than usually enjoyable party for all ages, as besides all the prettiest debutantes of this year and some of the war years with a veritable galaxy of eligible young men, there were also present ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia with ex-Queen Alexandra, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. Averell Harriman, Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Lord Woolton, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, General Sir Hastings Ismay and Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Among the younger generation I saw Lord Swansea dancing with Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont's third



Mr. Winston Churchill and
Viscountess Melchett



Miss Mary Churchill and Mr. J. D. Smuts,
son of Field-Marshal Smuts



Field-Marshal Smuts, the Prime
Minister of the Union of South Africa

Field-Marshal Smuts Attends the Coming-Out Party

daughter, the Hon. Miranda Howard, and her sister, Miriam, dancing with Capt. John Milln; the Hon. Karis Mond, the heroine of the evening, looked really radiant in a lovely white dress embroidered with sequins, and was partnering Major Jacob Smuts. Miss Mary Churchill, in a picture dress, was dancing with the Earl of Rocksavage; her sister, Sarah, was partnering Dr. Malcolm Sargent, while their elder sister, Diana, was dancing with her husband, Mr. Duncan Sandys. The Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnstone, who is so like his brother, Lord Luke, was dancing with his fiancée, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl. Miss Georgina Phillipi, who is dark and an exceptionally pretty girl, wore a fascinating white dress with bands of black, which had been sent from Spain; she is a first cousin of Lord Vaughan and Lady Gloria Fisher, who were both at the dance with Lady Vaughan and Mr. Nigel Fisher.

Others at the dance were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Miss Violet de Trafford, the Hon. Peter Strutt, Miss Anne Wallace, Major Tommy Egerton, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi (whose mother gave a very good coming-out dance for her at Ascot last month), Miss Kiloran Howard, looking pretty in blue; Miss Geraldine Cook, the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, and her father, Lord Delamere, with Lady Delamere; Lord Fairfax, Lord and Lady Erleigh, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, Major David Smiley, Miss Maria Speed, just back from a visit to Ireland; Miss Anne Constable Maxwell, Mr. Paul Methuen, the Duchess of Sutherland, in pale blue, with the Duke of Sutherland. Dancers were somewhat spoilt, as there were two bands, which meant dancing went on the whole evening with the exception of a cabaret, and even during the supper, where I saw Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky and her husband, Prince Vsevolode. Rafaella Duchess of Leinster was supping at the next table in Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale's party. The Hon. Lady Baillie, very attractive in pale blue, had Mr. Averell Harriman, the American Ambassador, on her right and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd on her left at supper. Two other Americans enjoying the party were Mr. Cabot Coville and Mr. Dorsay Fisher, the latter partnering Lady Hamond-Graeme. The flowers were magnificent, huge vases of red rhododendrons, yellow iris and purple stocks decorating the reception-room and the ballroom, while paler shades of the same flowers were on every supper-table. Everyone was very disappointed that Lord Melchett was not well enough to come to this really good party for his children, which went on until 3.30 a.m.

AT OVERSEAS HOUSE

WHEN the King and Queen paid an informal visit to the headquarters of the Overseas League at Overseas House they were accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, much to the delight of everyone. Nearly 2000 people, many of them members from all over the world, had assembled in the fine reception-rooms to see Their Majesties make their tour of the house (which took an hour and a half). Accompanied by Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, chairman of the League, the Royal party wended their way slowly through the packed rooms, both up and downstairs, stopping to have a word here and there with a member or a visitor. As they went up the main stairs Lady Willingdon remarked on a very large portrait of the Royal Family which hangs halfway up, and the King laughed and said he "thought it was so good, as the man had only taken five minutes over it"! It must be a great relief to Their Majesties when artists don't want tediously long sittings. When the Royal party arrived at the St. Andrews Hall they found over 500 Service men and women from every Dominion, India, and sixteen Colonies. Representatives of several Victory Day contingents from all parts of the Empire formed a guard of honour in the courtyard. A very fine contingent I noticed were the Indians with their senior officers, Brig. Chandhuri, O.B.E., who is commanding the contingent, and Col. S. J. H. Green, D.S.O., the second in command. Among their men in this guard of honour were three V.C.s—Subahdar Gage Gale, V.C., 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles; Naik Agan Singh Rai, V.C., of the same regiment; and Havildar Umrao Singh, V.C., of the Royal Indian Artillery.

MORE ASCOT NEWS

THOUGH Ascot is, by the King's express wish, to be on "austerity lines," to the deep regret of the fortunate ones who still retain their pre-war grey toppers and morning clothes in moth-free condition, a certain amount of gaiety and entertainment seems assured. Racing each day starts after lunch, to relieve the caterers of the headache of providing full-course meals for some thousands—a problem impossible of solution these days—and the Royal party will not arrive on the course until just before the first race, having lunched at Windsor Castle, where the Court will be in residence for the race week. A few of their close friends have been invited to the Castle by the King and Queen, and there are plans afoot for a dance on a fairly large scale to mark the end of the week.



The Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, with Lord Swansea



Ex-King Peter and ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia

Given for His Goddaughter, the Hon. Karis Mond



The Hon. Julian Mond and his sister, the Hon. Karis Mond, for whom the party was given



Lady Gloria Fisher, wife of Mr. Nigel Fisher, with her brother, Lord Vaughan, Lady Vaughan and Mr. Nigel Fisher

Photographs by Swaebe



Bride and Bridegroom Leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

THE QUEEN'S NEPHEW MARRIES

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, (she was wearing a coat and dress in a delicate shade of blue with a tulle hat to match), Princess Margaret, Queen Mary, looking well in grey, King George of the Hellenes, and Prince Philip of Greece were all present at the marriage of Lord and Lady Elphinstone's younger son, the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, a nephew of the Queen, to the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, one of Princess Elizabeth's Ladies-in-Waiting, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Princess Elizabeth was bridesmaid at the wedding

with her cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, sister of the bridegroom. The two child attendants, dressed in long cream tulle dresses, were the bridegroom's niece, Susan Wills, and the bride's niece, Miranda Woodruffe. The two elder girls wore most attractive dresses of deep cream crepe, with head-dresses of flame and gold flowers. The bride, who is the widow of Lord and Lady Aldenham's second son, who was killed in action, was given away by her father, Capt. A. V. Hambro, and looked charming in a beautiful gold-and-white wedding-dress made

from material brought from India. After the ceremony, the bride's parents held a very small family party in a private room at the Savoy, where the King proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the bridegroom replied, and thanked Their Majesties and everyone for coming to their wedding. A very small guest at the reception was the bride's two-year-old daughter, Jennifer Gibbs, a dear little person with tight, curly hair and wearing a little white dress smocked in red, who strolled about the room in a very independent way!



H.M. the King talking to the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who was one of the bridesmaids. She is a sister of the bridegroom and Lord and Lady Elphinstone's youngest daughter



King George of Greece and little Jennifer Gibbs, the bride's daughter by her former marriage



The King, Princess Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Princess Margaret Rose, the Queen, and the bride and bridegroom

Film Première of "The Years Between"



Mr. Nigel Tangye and his film-star wife, Ann Todd, who is to start a new Sydney Box film in the *Isle of Skye* this month



Mr. David Kidd and Flora Robson, who is playing one of the principal parts in the film



Miss Callahan, Stewart Granger and Eric Portman who is starring in the new British film "Wanted For Murder"

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"... Promises, and Threats"

AFTER six hectic days I left the Farm-on-the-Island looking almost like its old self. Various *corps de métier* had attended to rusty hinges, broken doors, burst pipes, sagging shutters and sun-blistered paint. While the ladies of the pail and scrub-brush swept and scoured, I took on the job of doctoring some 700-odd (very odd, some of them!) books in varied stages of dilapidation, and I feel that I never want to touch a duster again. I counted about ten gestures to each volume. The front and rear covers, the back, the fly leaves, and several bangs for the inner leaves. I know now that book-worms prefer leather bindings, that mould attacks board-covers, that mice nibble home-made wrappers that have been stuck on with flour-paste, and that the cheap, valueless sixpenny editions come to no harm at all, which, methinks, is not fair.

I arrived back in Paris after a loathsome train journey—for I find I really can't afford to run Miss Chrysler on Black Market petrol—in time for the evening varnishing party at the Galerie Charpentier. It was a shoulders-and-tails affair, with a few uniforms, dinner jackets and, here and there, a bashful lounge suit as make-weight. The line of cars and taxis (taxis are now circulating freely for them-as-can) was quite impressive. Certain aspects of Paris have become almost pre-war, and this gives us a nice, warm feeling that we have not known for a long time. The "Hundred *chefs d'œuvre* of Contemporary French Painting" that were on view were joyously greeted. A happy meeting of old friends from *douanier* Rousseau's "Wedding" and "The Snake Charmer" to Modigliani's famous "Nude" and his portrait of Paul Guillaume. The best pictures by Derain, Vlaminck, Matisse, Valtat and Dufy are also to be seen. Picasso's massive "Giantess" has her

admirers, but give me Laprade's delicate brush-work. For me his "Bord du Chemin" is worth all the rest put together.

LADY DIANA DUFF COOPER was present, and her progress was marked by a perpetual clicking of cameras. François Mauriac, whose objection to Jean Louis Vaudoyer's election to the Académie Française has caused so much talk, was recounting his woes to Jacques Lacretelle. Vaudoyer was there also, and there were some strained moments, but peace was preserved. Mme. Schiaparelli wore a distracting frock; who says that cobblers are always ill-shod? Francis Carco, back from his long, soft war-exile in Switzerland, has become more roly-poly than ever. Spinelly, whose good-looking son (his portrait was published on this page some little time ago) has had a terrible motor-bike smash, seems to be getting over the shock of this accident now that the boy is out of danger. Minister Le Troquer—who, in a pre-election speech, has been so outspoken anent Maurice Thorez's desertion from the army and his flight to Russia at the beginning of the war while Léon Blum remained at his post in France—represented the political world, and among the many Society Lovelies were the Princesse de Polignac, the Marquise de la Borde, the Comtesse d'Harcourt, Princesse Fæzza of Egypt, Mme. Nell Hébrard and Mlle. Balfour.

In preparation of the coming elections all sorts of promises—and threats—have been made by the "extreme Lefts!" One promise that has been held to a certain degree is the sale of "textiles," dubbed for the occasion, "of Social Utility." Since these "textiles" comprise pants, shirts and other undies, one cannot criticise the label. The more lurid of the daily Press waxes eloquent over the tears wept by

a "worthy old working woman," who almost "died of joy" on having been able, at last, to buy a Sunday shirt for her husband and a *white collar*! But the same Press forgets to say that while thousands queued up outside the rare shops that advertised these commodities, only a few—a very few—people were able, after hours of waiting, to obtain one shirt or one pair of pants! As for the "tyrannical, treacherous, troublesome, prevaricating" bourgeois papers, they are unkind enough to recall the shocking mismanagement and waste that the Government has shown in every department that caters for the people.

ANOTHER pre-war function that has been revived is the "Après-midi du Livre," the annual book sale, when well-known authors sell their wares and their autographs "for charity." It is difficult to buy books at any time nowadays, so one can well imagine the crowd that rushed to buy at the Louis-Aragon-Elsa-Triolet stand, where this famous couple were the first to be sold out and had to have extra copies of their books rushed over from the publishers. Jean Fayard was assisted by Jacqueline Delubac, who was Sacha Guitry's third wife. Sacha, by the way, is off to the States as soon as he can get his passport, but this seems to be hanging fire. The Richepin family—Jacques, his wife, Cora, and their daughter Miarka—were kept busy signing their novels, *mémoires* and songs. Margaret Vaughan and her husband, Edward Stirling, did great business with *Quelque chose à Déclarer*, the French version of Stirling's interesting biography *Something to Declare*, which might carry, as sub-title, "An Actor's Bædeker," since it takes one into all the theatres of Europe. A book that I have enjoyed since my return is Denise Bourdet's *Edouard Bourdet*

Some of the Personalities Who Went on to the Reception Held in London After the Première of the Film at the Leicester Square Theatre



Michael Redgrave plays the husband who returns from the dead in the film; with him is his actress wife, Rachel Kempson



Mr. and Mrs. F. Ditcham, Lord Mountevans of Chelsea, Jean Kent, the film-actress, and her husband, Yusef Ramart, and Lady Mountevans

ses Amis, with a Preface by Jean Cocteau. These friends are Christian Berard, Giraudoux; François Mauriac, Colette, Cocteau and Georges Auric, and Denise Bourdet writes of the happy days that they spent together, when her husband was still alive, at their Villa Blanche, overlooking the bay at Toulon.

Another, and very different, little volume that charms me is Coleridge Kennard's *Caresses et blasphèmes*, definitely *pas pour jeunes filles*. . . . Is it? The author tells me that his friends are horror-stricken by these exquisite little poems. If this is true, how wrong of him to have such Victorian acquaintances!

I WAS unlucky enough to miss Lt. William Moore's lecture on the History of American Negro Spirituals, and his six coloured singers—soldiers in the U.S. Army—who illustrated his lecture with Negro folk-songs, but a young friend, Jacqueline Lesieur, gives me the following description. "It was a sunny, late Saturday afternoon. The Sorbonne students were gathered in groups in the quiet, lovely little garden of the old Hotel Talleyrand, near the Luxembourg, and as Lt. Moore was speaking of the primitive rhythm of the first spirituals, the bells of St. Sulpice near by began to peal for the Angelus. It was a touching blending of two civilisations." These interesting and clever people hope to be in England towards the end of June. They should have a great welcome.

Voilà!

● A faptious critic reproached Jean Paul Sartre for having written: "*Le vide douloureux qu'occasionnent les moments de faiblesse.*"

"How can emptiness be painful?" he demanded.

"Easily," answered Sartre: "have you never had a headache?"



Miss Janet Green, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton-Trimmm, Mr. John McCormick and Mr. P. Delo (Belgian films)



Mr. Anthony Havelock-Allen, the film producer, Valerie Hobson, one of the stars of "*The Years Between*," Noel Coward, Lady Baillie and Viscount Margesson



The Royal Carriage, Drawn by the Windsor Greys, Drives in State to the Royal Enclosure

ROYAL ASCOT THIS YEAR

ONE of the greatest social events of any season is Ascot. This year Ascot will return to some of its pre-war glory. There is once again to be a Royal Enclosure, with flower-beds and well-kept lawns (there has been no "Enclosure" for any of the race-meetings held here during and since the war). The entrée to the Royal Enclosure is, of course, limited and as much sought after as in the old days. The only difference, and it is a startling one, this year will be no top hats and morning coats for the men, and short day dresses will replace the long trailing skirts with frills and furbelows worn by the women so often in pre-war days. There will be a Royal procession. The King and Queen, with other members of the Royal Family, will drive down the course in open landaus drawn by the famous Windsor Greys, as in pre-war days, and will be occupying the Royal Box.

CLUB tents will once again make their appearance and you will hear the familiar "meet me in the Marlborough tent after the first race," or, "in the Cavalry tent after the third." This, as all veteran Ascot-goers know, means a trip across the course for the latter appointment, as the Marlborough (now, incidentally, known as the Marlborough-Windham Club, since its recent amalgamation with the "Orleans" and "Windhams") is the only club tent in the paddock, a very cherished position! And what is also important, even at such a fashion parade as Ascot, is that we shall see the best bloodstock in this country, and perhaps some of the best from overseas, once again competing for the rich prizes given at this Royal meeting.

WITH this return towards pre-war standard, what a contrast the scene will be to the austerity meetings held on this course during

the past few years, when all who wanted could pay at the turnstiles and go into any of the stands and enclosures that were de-requisitioned. The clothes, too, were a surprise! Sometimes men (when not in uniform) in tweed suits, and caps, while women often went hatless and even stockingless, in suits and cotton frocks.

This Royal race-meeting was instituted in 1711. The race-course over this picturesque Berkshire Heath, with magnificent roomy stands and fine stabling, was laid out by order of Queen Anne, a great racing enthusiast, who attended the first race-meeting there that year. In 1807 the first race for the Gold Cup was run there; this is still the high-light of the meeting, and visitors who can only spare time to go one day always choose Thursday, Gold Cup Day. It was not until 1820 that the Royal procession, for which the meeting is famous, was initiated by George IV.

Dress - 1946



Their Skirts Will Be Short

AND whether their choice is a slick tailored summer suiting or a silk print of frills and flounces, there will be one thing common to all - practical elegance. Good shoulders, neat waists, skirts 18 ins. from the ground will be the general rule, with hats mostly small, comfortable and off-the-face. Not for us yet the ankle-length hobble skirt of the Paris designers. Coupon, climate and transport difficulties are against such an extreme fashion innovation. In buying "something new" for Ascot, women to-day have also in mind the Royal Garden Parties which are to follow.

THE dress above and the charming bonnet straw worn with it were designed by Debenhams and Freebody specially for The Tatler. It is the perfect costume for our first post-war Ascot. If by chance the sun shines on Gold Cup Day, its wearer will be amongst the most elegant racegoers there.



"You see the point?"



"Yes, but I'm no runner!"

Flashback to 1910-14



Trio: The rear view could be most interesting



Mr. W. Kent's Sweet Echo takes the double bar, ridden by Mr. D. Kent, in the Novice Jumping Class



A Sporting Event near London: the Surrey County Horse Association's

Mr. F. Haydon's Crown Bell was the winner of the Best Private Turn-out which was driven by the owner

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

A BRACE of healthy, sensible-looking Highland dancing-wenches practising what the ballet boys call the *coupé* engaged this bloodshot eye for a moment in a picture-paper, inevitably recalling an eminent and witty Highlandman's recent remark on Highland Games in general. Halliday Sutherland speaking, in *Hebridean Journey*.

Apart from the competitors, the only people who really seem to enjoy Highland Games are the officials, who wear large rosettes which give them the privilege of going into a tent in the middle of the field; and the more they go into that tent the

more do they seem to enjoy the Games. Moral: Wear a rosette. It keeps out the cold.

Any Southron saying this would be instantly dirked to death by wild caterans as hairy and ferocious as the Gorsedd boys, of whom we personally go in great fear since hinting some time ago that the Druid stuff is utterly futile, bogus, and idiotic. Fortunately no Archdruid of Wales knows how to deliver the Short-Arm Jab with the Sword of Peace, and very properly, being generally the mildest of pastors (compare Compton Mackenzie's reminiscence of his fellow-Pauline the present Archbishop of Canterbury, known at school as Billy Temple and "badly placed in French, as a future clergyman should be").

Why the Gael and the Celt go in for the slightly spurious and boring circus-exhibitions they do is no mystery to any Celt or Gael. However the native may suffer, the visiting Sassenach suffers a thousandfold more damnably.

Trick

THAT warrior who got into a London police-court for trying to pour beer from a great height into a strange blonde in a saloon-bar, but without success, needs a little *bota* practice evidently.

Firmly grasping the *bota*—the immemorial pear-shaped Pyrenean goatskin wine-gourd, smooth side out and hairy side in, like Anne Boleyn's trousers in Mr. J. B. Morton's poem—by the right hand at its broad end, you tilt it high in the air at arm's length, your left hand directing the wine-stream leaping in a curve from the horn-nozzle into your open mouth and your strength of will, letting it pour down your throat into the basement without swallowing. The angle of incidence is the thing. Every Basque and Catalan knows it from birth, but it costs anyone else many well-soaked shirts to discover it. A prig-mathematician we knew, having frigidly calculated the exact angle in advance by the Binomial Theorem or other black magic, made a public fool of himself thus in the square of Andorra-là-Vieja and was mocked by the populace, by little children and goats and church-bells, by the birds of the air, and by derisive summer thunder rolling in the high hills from the Encantados to the Canigou. He thought it was easy for a White Man.

Any drink can be taken from any bottle in this way, once the angle is learned. As drawing-room tricks go, this is probably a nicer one than a lot you have already, and you can quote us.

Soak

A NNOUNCING that he had just met "a typical public schoolboy" who had never heard of *Eric* (or *Little by Little*), a gossip seemed to be taking it bitter hard, almost as a personal crack at Dean Farrar. In our unfortunate view the less a healthy modern public schoolboy knows about that stinkard, that booze-hound *Eric*, the Scourge of Roslyn, the better.

This feeling we have just crystallised in a rousing song, deemed to be sung by the Head of Roslyn (Ann. Fees, £120-35) and a whiskery chorus at the Headmasters' Conference of 1855, when secret drinking in British public schools was at its peak. Ready?

HEAD: As year by year we bid good-speed
To those who serve the Empire's Need,
The Men who Guide, the Men who Lead
And rule our vast Dominions,
With indignation hot we wax
At all these lousy Press attacks
On well-known dipsomaniacs
Described as "Old Roslynians."

CHORUS OF HEADMASTERS:

Tone! Tone! Tone!
These tricks we can't condone!
The batsman with a shaking hand,
The half-back beautifully canned,
The prefect lying prone!
Though foreigners may deem it rot,
O, let us check each youthful sot,
And, ere the System goes to pot,
The Secret Soak disown!
(Dance and exeunt.)

What happened to *Eric* after leaving Roslyn nobody seems yet to have discovered. Obviously he relapsed and went down the drain. It's hardly worth troubling the Kenya authorities to find out exactly when the remittance stopped.

Curse

WHEN Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, offered a half-share in his infant scheme to a Scots friend for £10, the canny Scots friend turned it down. And thus,



"'Erè! Stop crying and be reasonable—this place closes at three o'clock, and the sea is open all day long"



Horse Show and Gymkhana at the Memorial Sports Ground, Redhill

The parade of the Surrey Union hounds was led by Mr. Jim Goddard, who has been Huntsman to the Surrey Union for the last eight years

a thoughtful chap has been recalling in one of the papers, his heirs missed being multi-millionaires to-day.

On the other hand, somebody might have assassinated them. Have you ever thought of the exquisite courteous peace of a City broker's den in the 1860's? The deep hush of the outer office, broken only by the twitter of nibs, some elderly clerk softly dying with a murmured blessing on the Guvnor, cushioned by cooing outside, a gentle snoring from the Inner Sanctum, a mild voice saying at length: "Adverting, Mr. Rapson, to Mr. Lovejoy's regular proposal of last Tuesday that we should sell out all his Bongo Preference shares at 48, will you kindly advise him by some future post that he is now, alas, a ruined man . . . ?"

Peace. And what does roar and racket and furious telephoning do for the modern business man, except to make him quite horrible?

Visitor

(ONE always knew Auntie. *Times's* little readers are terrified of Death (the recent chorus of protesting squeals over that powerful "Tragic Widow" road-accident poster proves

it). What is not so generally known is that Death is equally terrified of them.

Illustrating this fact is the incident of John Bright, the Victorian statesman, centre of a famous scene one afternoon in the Athenæum smoking-room. Speaking on the Crimean War at teatime Mr. Bright said:

The Angel of Death is abroad! One may almost hear the beating of his wings! China tea and two toasted muffins, and make it snappy.

At that moment a Club servant entered with a card and said Death was waiting in the hall to see a certain member, a *Times* reader aged 105. The member refused with an oath to go down, the servant left the room, and Mr. Bright continued orating.

About two hours later, when tea was over, Death, tired of waiting, knocked gently at the smoking-room door, peeped inside, tiptoed a few steps forward, gazed round at all the prostrate, pallid bodies, and, murmuring "I beg your pardon!" tiptoed out again into Pall Mall, where he had to call on a leading member of the "Rag," a K.C.B., K.C.S.I., with a terrific blood-pressure.

Politesse

AT Seaford, Sussex, the Urban District Council has decreed that members must rise when the Chairman enters, and remain standing till he takes his seat.

It's a revival of a very ancient West Saxon custom. At one time, immediately the Chairman had taken his seat, members had to proceed to Seaford Head and drown themselves formally in the Channel.

This duty has been waived since the late Seventh Century, when St. Wilfrid, Apostle of Sussex, abolished mass-suicide among the West Saxons. He found them jumping off the cliffs from Beachy Head to Black Rock, Brighton, because they were starving. Every time they tried to fish (they said, wagging big dumb blond noggins, with tears in their mild blue eyes), the fish slipped through their fingers.

Heaving a sigh, St. Wilfrid showed them how to make nets and left for York. And except for members of Urban District Councils and socage tenants in double-burgage, drowning was henceforth tabu.

You ask why this peculiar Sussex custom lingered a few years longer (till A.D. 689) in municipal circles? It was an act of courtesy to the Chairman; what Spaniards call the *punto d'onor*. The men of Sussex—and Seaford especially—are very stiff and proud and their county device is a pig, with the motto, "Wun't be druv." We are now taking you over to Bugs Burpstein on the grand Wurlitzer of the Folderido.



The winner of the Open Hack Class was Capt. T. Sourry's Cynical, ridden by R. E. Prichard



"Hold everything, men—we've come to the wrong house"



Mrs. Carter on Paula, owned by Mr. L. Carter, takes a fence in the Novice Jumping Class

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

The Derby

OWING to the incidence of the Whitsun holidays, and the printing arrangements imposed upon a weekly illustrated paper, it is impossible to say anything about the great race in this week's notes, because they have to go to our friend the printer on June 4th. The headaches the result may or may not have caused, and the congratulations and disappointments, must therefore be left over; but there is the refreshing knowledge that, whatever has happened, it will furnish ample ammunition for the next racing headache, the Leger! This race, in fact, is the only one with news value at this moment. Even before knowing what has won either the Derby or the Oaks, I commend Hypericum, Gulf Stream and Happy Knight to the consideration of the thoughtful.

"Maud" Unpopular

IT is always refreshing to the jaded to find that something he has written has struck a match, and I therefore give grateful thanks to "J. G." for writing to say that he so heartily agrees about the Victorian "Meess," and that he is sure that I am right in suggesting that she "fainted in coils and painted in water-colours." He has no use for "Maud," and, anyway, I feel sure that her fond lover must have been a lily. "J. G." further says that lots of other lovelies whom the poets have held up for our admiration ought also to be debunked. Quite so! How old, for instance, must Helen of Troy have been when Paris decided to go in off the deep end with her and bring on that war? Look her up for yourselves. Was the Blessed Damozel anything like those Burne-Jones seven-footers on that staircase? If she was, it is a wonder that she did not break the bar of Heaven when she leaned out. How about Orlando's girl Rosalind? Some people like them tough, but I should think that you could have struck matches on this lady. Guinevere femme incomprise must have been a bore, and I should think that she gave Lancelot as bad a time as I know that The Yellow Peril and Kaffir Kate gave one of "J. G.'s" friends. Finally, I believe that the pious Aeneas was not much to blame where Dido was concerned.

The Oakfield Club

ALL those who have ever gone racing in India, particularly the citizens of the old City of the Ditch (Calcutta), welcomed the re-opening of this Club at Newmarket in Guinea Week, and its reversion to the hands of its rightful owners, the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. Oakfield has been in many hands since 1939—the 10th Hussars ran it for some time—but its progenitor was the R.C.T.C., that opulent racing authority in the eastern part, also the north and south, of Hindustan. It is under its ægis that the Viceroy's Cup has been run since it was first instituted in 1856 as the Governor-General's Cup and won by an Arab named Nero. The Viceroy's Cup therefore antedates all the principal races in India: the Governor's Cup in Poona, 1884, for Arabs and country-breds, by many years, and likewise the Bombay City Plate, 1908, both of which races come under the jurisdiction of the Royal Western

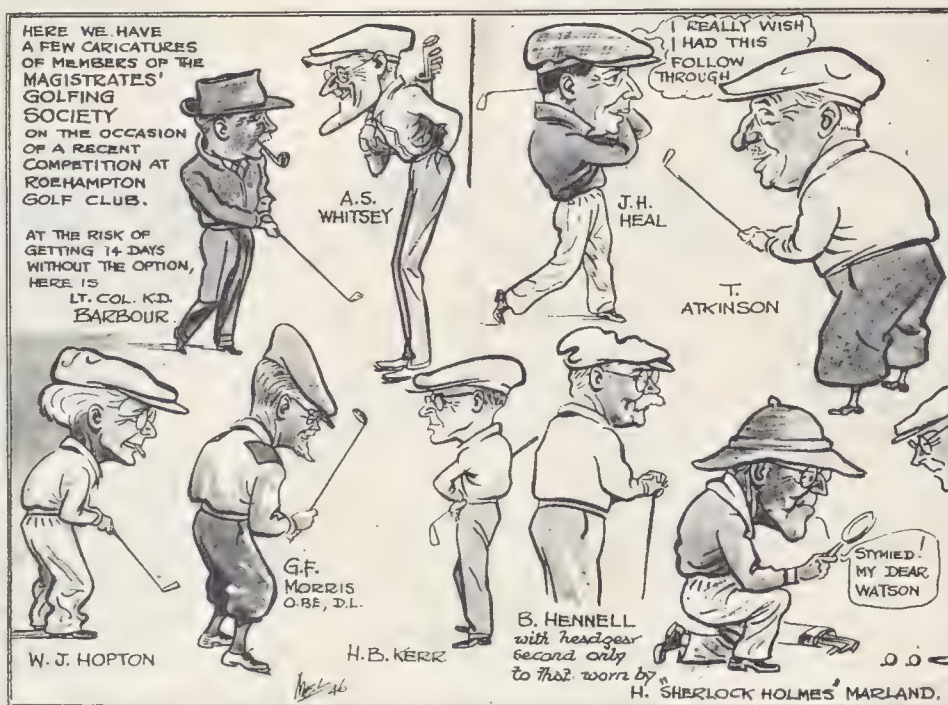
India Turf Club, the supreme racing authority in the Bombay Presidency. The Oakfield Club in Newmarket has always been pre-eminently an R.C.T.C. *pied-à-terre*, and whatever may now happen to the parent institution under the new circumstances, it will no doubt long continue to provide solace to all who are, or have been, connected with racing in India.

And What Now?

WHETHER the two turf authorities in India will deem it worth their while to continue their activities under the changed conditions should these envisage the complete secession from the Crown, is a very moot point. On the other hand, should India elect to be included a member of the British Commonwealth, there may be a chance that the two

by that enterprising gunner officer, Brig.-General Sir Ormonde Winter, and that which he managed to do in the way of development no doubt inspired the R.C.T.C. to become the absolute owners in fee simple. How any such private property may fare under an alien régime must naturally be a matter of considerable doubt and no little anxiety to the owners. The situation seems to me to be very complicated as things stand at the moment. The R.C.T.C. is one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest racing club in the world, with a reserve fund whose figure I do not feel disposed to disclose, but it is such that it considerably adds to the anxieties of the situation in view of what is or may be toward. Whatever happens, it is probable that racing will continue in India, and that

being so, a substantial controlling authority will obviously be necessary. Some recent events in the Bombay Presidency have shown very plainly that there are some people who will resort to quite unauthorised methods in arranging what is to win or not to win. Whether, supposing the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C. decided to go out of business, there are in India the elements capable of taking their places, I do not know. Let us hope that there are; but let us hope still more that the new controlling authority may have the sense not only to remain inside the British Commonwealth, but to leave racing control in the strong hands which have done so much to make it that which it is. There are, of course, owners in India of the highest possible standing, and many of them—pre-eminently H.H. the Aga Khan—are very well known in this country, and if the clubs go, India will have to look



Magistrates at Play: by "Mel"

clubs will carry on; but if the severance is to be absolute, then it is difficult to see how they can do so. Their position obviously would be too insecure. The Calcutta racecourse is on Crown land, and is held by the R.C.T.C. under a peppercorn rent; the lessee, therefore, has not a much stronger legal title than any itinerant circus proprietor who may get permission to set up his Big Top and give his performance. In the original grant of the peppercorn tenure it was stipulated that the Club should not be permitted to erect any structure, such as a grand stand, which could not be demolished in a few hours, so as not to interfere with the field of fire of the guns in Fort William. Since those early times, however, upon receiving adequate assurance from the lessor, the R.C.T.C. have built a range of most magnificent race-stands of a very solid and permanent nature, and they are, in fact, better and better-appointed than any in the world. The racecourse itself and the training track, plus a steeplechase course in the centre, have been improved and brought up to date with watering appliances, rails, and so forth. Realising the legal uncertainty of their tenure, and looking far into the future, the R.C.T.C. some years ago managed to buy outright a racecourse at Barrackpore, a military cantonment and grass farm some sixteen to twenty miles distant from Calcutta, for the sum of 8 lakhs of rupees. This course at Barrackpore was first raised from its almost gymkhana status

to them to endeavour to preserve the high standards of the past. But as I have said, everything at the moment is in such a state of flux that it is impossible to see what is in store.

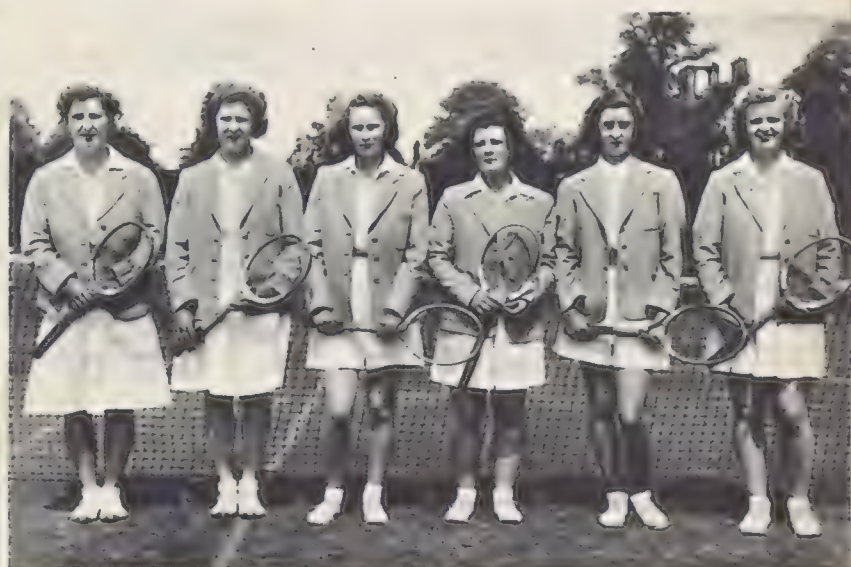
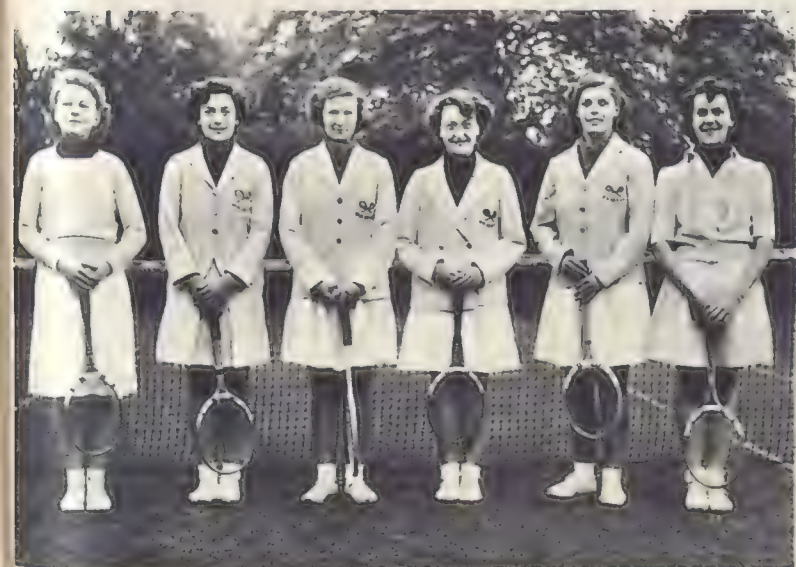
The Big Fight

WHILST we in this tight little isle—"tight" being an epithet to be construed to taste—are so busy horse-racing, teaching the American Golden Glove experts how to box, "gowfing," snookering, playing the bat-and-ball game and the like, other people are even more busy weighing up the chances of The Big Fight, upon which this completely tight world seems to be determined. For instance, a Swedish expert has told us that "experimentation with atomic fission might some day change the earth into a burning sun through the oceans' hydrogen being changed into helium as a result of atomic explosions in the ocean depths"—and we are just about to see what these bombs will do to ships! Another gentleman has told us that, unless we invent submarine aircraft-carriers we are sunk; and yet another cheery sportsman that it is quite likely that these unpleasant squibs are being brought in piecemeal in the innocent-looking suit-cases of Commercial Gentlemen. The outlook is positively Arcadian. There is no knowing whether or not some of these things are not already in the cocktail bar of the Hotel Bumptious.

James Bruen Jnr. Wins the Amateur Golf Championship



James Bruen (Cork) beat Robert Sweeny (Royal and Ancient) by 4 and 3 over thirty-six holes in the final of the Amateur Championship at Birkdale. Above he is in the act of playing out of the rough on to the eighth green. In playing this shot he broke the shaft of his iron, which, incidentally, was not the first occasion on which he had broken a club during the championship. Bruen is a player of immense power, and his opponent, Robert Sweeny, had already won the title in 1937



Oxford University Tennis Team Beat Cambridge by 16 Matches to 1 at Oxford

D. R. Stuart

The Oxford team: Phillippa Cope (Cheltenham and Lady Margaret Hall), Brenda Cowderoy (Sudbury High School and St. Hugh's), Angela Denning (Cheltenham and St. Hilda's), Cynthia Werner (Bath Convent and St. Hugh's; captain), Mary Hamilton (St. Paul's and Lady Margaret Hall), Daphne Werner (Bath Convent and St. Hugh's)

Cambridge University have beaten Liverpool and lost to London University this term. They are: Ruth Lloyd (Newnham), Mary Coubrough (Girton), Hazel Kennaway (Girton), Elizabeth McCreath (Girton; captain), Rosaline Kissane (Girton), Hilary Sears (Girton)

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Marjory Fleming"

"Penguin New Writing"

"The Garden"

"Trees in Britain"

A Short Life

UNTIL I read Oriol Malet's *Marjory Fleming* (Faber; 10s. 6d.), my ideas about Marjory were of the haziest. The little girl's Journals and her collections of verses, which could have given her substantiality, were unknown to me—possibly I shrank from the sentimental myth surrounding any wonder-child who has died young. One is still in reaction against the Victorian tendency to regard as a semi-angel, during its brief life here, the child whose years were to be numbered—ethereality, piety and somewhat morbid sweetness distinguished, apparently, from its cradle the little one whose course to the grave was short. "Too good for this world; not long for this world—as we told one another, as we could see at the time," sighed the friends and family, tragically wise after the event.

Marjory Fleming was not too good for this world, which she loved, during her eight years and eleven months in it, with a sturdy and sometimes troubling passion. Lively, healthy, greedy and gay, though with interludes of savage contrary melancholy, she lived with intensity—not because of feeling her time short, but because, even had she been told she would live to eighty, there still would not have been a moment to be missed. Such, at least, is the Marjory whom Miss Malet (with what I instinctively feel to be a true, an almost psychic perception) brings to life for us. Or, rather, we are made conscious of the life that was Marjory Fleming's. That is Marjory Fleming's—for in these pages, undimmed by mists of the past, we enter the immortal "now" of a child.

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

The Aeroplane and the Fly

An Aeroplane who saw a Fly
Crawling about the hangar roof
Looked up and said "I am a goof!
Why shouldn't I do likewise? Why?
Go for a stroll,
Do a half-roll
And then touch up, not down? Let's try!
Jolly good show!
Over we go!"

There was a fundamental bang,
A local, vivid, ten-tenths blitz;
The Aeroplane lay there in bits.
The Fly remarked (in flying slang)
"The type was doomed.
He should have zoomed!
Ye Gods and Under-carts, some prang!
Just engine-brained!
Why aren't they trained?"

Immoral

Aircraft should be more sturdily
constructed.

J. R.

MISS MALET's sources, other than the Journals and poems themselves, are few but, one may feel certain, dependable—Mr. L. Macbean's *The Story of Pet Marjory*; Dr. John Brown's *Pet Marjory*; *The Journals, Letters and Verses of Marjory Fleming*, in facsimile, edited by Arundell Esdail; and *The Complete Marjory Fleming*, edited by Frank Sidgwick. The association of Marjory with Sir Walter Scott—which has been hitherto for some people the child's chief claim to interest—is, apparently, so legendary as to be discounted: Miss Malet therefore purposely omits reference to it, and I, for one, am glad. This particular omission strips the last vestige of pretty-prettiness from the Marjory story: in the course of praising famous men we have really had enough about the sweetness brought into their lives by whimsical little dream-girl child friends. Sir Walter knew Marjory's adored elder cousin Isabel Keith, and is thought to have been to tea at the Keiths' in Edinburgh: in that case he no doubt ran into Marjory (who was impossible to ignore); but, from the fact that Sir Walter does not mention Marjory in his letters and she did not find him of sufficient interest for her Journals, we must, I fear, conclude that the two did not make a very profound impression on one another. Let us face it that meetings often do fall flat.

Cousins

ISABEL KEITH—first met as the lovely, fashionable, seventeen-year-old Edinburgh cousin who came to visit at Kirkcaldy—was the love of Marjory's life: the separation from Isabel was one of those major tragedies which one cannot write off as a mere childish grief. Marjory was born at Kirkcaldy in 1803; and died there—child to the last, of a childish illness—some months after her return from Edinburgh in 1811. She embraced sorrow with her whole nature, as she embraced joy. She was one of a family of four (a baby sister was born during the three years when Marjory was away with the Keiths in Edinburgh), and her parents were loving, intelligent and wise—though I think one must feel that they failed in judgment in insisting on her return home—being taken from Isabel tore the most delicate fibres of her nature. Mrs. Fleming, though she did her best at once to conceal the fact, was jealous of Isabel: and, of course, it could be said that a fascinating young woman with her own life to lead ought not to be giving up all her time to the teaching and charge of a small child. Marjory, for her part, did torment herself with the idea that she was wicked and unnatural in loving Isabel more than her own parents; her terrifying moods, which from time to time swept like tornadoes through the Keiths' Charlotte Square house, were the outcome of what would now be called conflict. Every scene of her happiness with Isabel—most of all Braehed, where the two spent summers visiting the Craufords—was intensely dear to her. Outside this association, however, was the love for Nature for its own sake—rivers, gardens, woods, windy seashores. The temperament of a poet, the vehemence of a lover, was carried round town and country alike inside the sturdy body of this little girl. No, Marjory, though she had an attractive young-animal grace, was not even pretty. She had a hearty appetite, was a bit of a bully (terror of nice little girls who were asked to tea), and was, most human of all, by no means above showing off. In fact, it is her charm, to me, that she lacked the outfit of the idealisable "romantic" child.

Marjory Fleming is a book I recommend to all those who are not afraid to know and love children as they are. The quotations in it from

Marjory's Journals and poems are many; all are so poignant, comic and adorable that I have not known which to choose—so I have re-quoted none. I should like to thank Miss Malet: my life seems richer for knowing this little girl.

Penguin

FOR some reason or other, a war can be relied upon to breed, in disconcertingly large quantities, new literary magazines. They all serve useful purposes—they are particularly helpful and encouraging to young writers—but it is often extremely difficult to distinguish between them, and only a few of them impress themselves sufficiently forcefully upon us to make us eagerly reach out a hand for them as



"Excuse great-grandpapa not rising—
he's a very, very old man"

soon as they appear. Quite one of the most striking of wartime magazines—and one of the very few to survive the war—is Mr. John Lehmann's fresh and admirable *Penguin New Writing* (Penguin Books; 1s.), the latest number of which—for Spring 1946—appears for the first time in uncouped clothes and with unrationed margins: Stories, critical articles, pictures (coloured and uncoloured), photographs of stage shows, poems, even musical scores: they are all here, and one is nowhere conscious of any hint of wartime niggardliness.

Everyone will decide for himself what he likes best in the present number. For myself, I am particularly glad to see that Mr. Lehmann is reviving the custom of the serial story. He has already given us Rosamond Lehmann's "Wonderful Holidays" in this way; and in this number you can start on another promising and pleasant story about children called "When the Wind Blows," by Frank Sargesson. I was also glad to see the words "To be continued" at the end of a critical article called "Movements in the Underground," in which John Hampson uses his incomparably

wide knowledge of contemporary fiction to examine what present-day writers are making of the shadier sides of life and society :

Under the 'fair' surface, broken by an occasional bubble, infected now and then by the most peculiar stench, lies the underworld ; the world of crime, of have-nots, of abnormal desires and inclinations, of vice free and commercial, of murder, insanity, dreams, ambition, poverty, pride and power.

There is very little in Mr. Lehmann's miscellany for which one is not entirely grateful ; space allows me to add, here, only that my own eye fell with especial delight on Edith Sitwell's " Casket Letter No. 2 " ; on the two songs by Cecil Day Lewis, and on a reproduction in colour of Mr. Laurence Gowing's painting of a wonderful green and summery Herefordshire road.

" Agriculture's Little Brother "

MISS VITA SACKVILLE-WEST's new long poem *The Garden* (Michael Joseph ; 8s. 6d.) will not perhaps readily commend itself to the taste of all poetry-readers ; but the sincerity and the unabashed simplicity of the author's style will charm many people to whom poetry is normally a closed book. *The Garden* is a successor to *The Land*, which won Miss Sackville-West the high honour of the Hawthornden Prize twenty years ago ; and the same sensuous apprehension of seasonal change, the country-woman's knowledge of the minutiae of weather-signs, the shape of a leaf, the habit of a flower—these things remain with Miss Sackville-West as she turns her attention from the farmer's year to that of the gardener. One feels that years of experience have gone to the making of these modern georgics, and throughout their length she is never for a moment wandering or vague ; she is always ready with the image which will clinch for you a time of day, or the look or feel of a season :

And as in February hints of spring
Cozen us into courage, so this late
Golden revival, in a last reprieve,
May stay the hour to wait,
As in the shadows Death
Slides back the moving sword within the sheath.

Thus she speaks of St. Luke's Summer. There is no time of year which she cannot mention with equal vividness.

Trees

" TREES IN BRITAIN," by Alexander L. Howard (" Britain in Pictures " Series, Collins ; 4s. 6d.), is an admirable handbook for country-lovers, but it is more : it " places " the tree, whatever its kind, historically ; indicates its use ; shows the connection between the differing character of our countrysides and the trees that fill them. Also, this book embodies a very forcible argument for replanting—our ancestors, in this matter, were at once lordly, liberal and foresighted ; are we, who enjoy the trees they have left for us, to give our own descendants a poor deal ? That Britain should continue to be well wooded is, economically speaking, a clear imperative : to my mind, it is no less an æsthetic one. The nobility of individual trees ; the depth and mystery of woods ; the lovely regular or irregular pattern which treed hedgerows or knolls make across our landscape ; the dignity of tree-pillared avenues, and the relation of trees to towns and to country houses—all this is a part of the British feeling for life. Two world wars in our century have taken a terribly heavy toll of trees as well as of human beings.

One must hope, too, that reafforestation will not be too much confined to the conifers ; these are, to my mind, rigid and somehow depressing in their mass-effect. The height, strength and beautiful individuality of the major deciduous trees are inseparable from one's idea of England. The horse-chestnut, I am sorry to learn from Mr. Howard, is, for instance, liable to die out, being non-utilitarian. *Trees in Britain* is, after an introductory passage, divided into sections in which we have the oak and the holm-oak, the elm, the wych-elm, the ash, the beech, the hornbeam, the birch, the plane, the willow, the alder, and so on. The illustrations (reproductions of prints and drawings, old and new) are beautiful : this is a book which ought to be a possession.



Gordon Anthony

Sir Arthur Street

Sir Arthur Street was at the Ministry of Agriculture at a time when enormous difficulties confronted farming, but in spite of this his projects were successful. After this he held an important post at the Air Ministry, where his abilities and capacity for hard work again furthered his reputation.

Now, Mr. Shinwell's Coal Board have appointed him as their vice-chairman, and they must be considered fortunate to have a man with such a genial disposition as well as of such outstanding talent.

Sir Arthur Street can also include in his distinguished career a period of service at the Admiralty. For his work in India he received the C.I.E. The Washington Disarmament Conference, the Ottawa Conference, the Imperial and World Economic Conferences have all benefited by his advice



Maxwell — Sim

Major Clyde Fairbanks Maxwell, nephew of Lady McMillan, of Nairobi, married Miss Janet Elizabeth Sim, daughter of Mr. William Sim, of Wadhurst, Sussex, formerly of Mombasa, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Hallows — Hamilton

Lt. Kenneth Hallows, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hallows, of Chesterfield, married Miss Dorothea Hamilton, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Cole Hamilton, of West Compton Rectory, at West Compton Church, Maiden Newton, Dorchester



Beckett — Edwards

Major Denis A. Beckett, The Essex Regt., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Beckett, of Woodford Wells, Essex, married Miss Elizabeth Edwards, elder daughter of Col. G. Edwards, of Rockcliff, Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire, and of the late Mrs. Edwards, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Wheeler — Hallett

Major Anthony Wheeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wheeler, of Marden, Kent, married Sq/O. Joan Hallett, W.A.A.F., widow of F/O. Peter Hallett, D.F.C., and daughter of Dr. J. Grice, of Kiambu, Kenya, and of the late Mrs. Grice

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Thorne — Wadman

Capt. R. J. H. Thorne, The Devonshire Regt., only son of Sir John Thorne, of New Delhi, India, and of the late Lady Thorne, married Miss Joan Wadman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wadman, of Priesthaves, Polegate, Sussex, at Westham Church, Sussex



Reeves — Kruge

F/Lt. Stanley Reeves, R.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Reeves, of Tankerton, married Miss Ursula Vera Kruge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kruge, of Kensington, at St. Philip's, Kensington



Heywood — Kyffin

Sub-Lt. G. B. Heywood, M.B.E., Fleet Air Arm, only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Heywood, of Longframlington, Northumberland, married Mrs. Catherine Kyffin, widow of John Kyffin, R.N., and younger daughter of the late Major Richards, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Richards, of Caernymach, Dolgelly

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Jean Lorimer's Page

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

Said the young clergyman to his bishop: "May it please your lordship, I want permission to get married."

"And a very good idea, too," replied the bishop, genially. "Who is the bride-elect—can I approve?" "Well, she's only a fishmonger's daughter, but—" "That'll do. I've heard that one."

THIS story comes from that delightful paper, *The Countryman*: It is a legend that in America all preachers have a passion for fried chicken. Hence this story:

One Saturday a visiting preacher was crossing a ferry with his week-end host when he sneezed so violently that his dentures flew out and fell into deep water. "Never mind," said his companion, "I'll get them back."

Sure enough the teeth were restored in time for the minister to take Sunday morning service.

"I baited a hook with a leg of fried chicken," his friend explained.

AN American soldier lurched into a well-known West End emporium and said, thickly: "Is this a beauty shop?"

"Yes, sir," replied the receptionist, politely.

"Well, baby, bring me one quick," was the slurred reply: "I'm lonesome."

JOHN had been invited to the funeral of his neighbour's third wife, and as he had attended the funerals of the first two deceased wives, his wife was surprised when he informed her that he was not going this time.

"But why not, John?" she asked. "After all, you went to the others, and it will look rather odd if you don't go."

"Well, you see, Mary, it's like this," he answered. "I feel a bit awkward to be always accepting Bill's invitations when I never have anything of the sort to ask him to in return."



The Duchess of Marlborough (right) and Mrs. Bryans, C.B.E., on the steps of British Red Cross headquarters. Together, they cover a large part of the responsibility, for the intricate arrangements for the Conference of the League of Red Cross Societies, which takes place in Oxford on July 8th to the 20th. This conference may be tremendously important as a contribution to the mitigation of suffering throughout the world

AN actor started a quarrel with an unknown man at a café, or maybe it was the other way round, but the quarrel went on, and finally the actor got so angry that he jumped up, flung his visiting card down on the table and walked out.

The other man picked it up, read it, pulled out his fountain pen and wrote on it: "Please admit bearer."

Then he paid his bill and walked off to the theatre where the actor was appearing, to avail himself of a free seat.

THE farmer hired a hand and set him chopping wood. In the middle of the morning the farmer went down to see how the man was getting along. To his astonishment he found the wood all chopped. The next day the farmer told the man to stack the wood in the shed. This involved a lot of toting and the farmer figured the job would keep the man busy. But by noon he had it done.

On the third day the farmer, thinking he would give the man a light job for a change, told him to sort out the potatoes in the bin. "Put the good ones in one pile, the doubtful ones in another, and throw out the rotten ones," said the farmer. An hour or so later he went back to see how the job was going. He found the hired man passed out cold, with virtually nothing done. After throwing water in the man's face and bringing him round, the farmer demanded an explanation.

"Well," said the man wearily, "it's making them decisions that's killing me."

SOME long time ago there was a smallpox scare in a town in the country, and as usual when such scares occur, people rushed to be vaccinated by the hundred.

One of the local doctors simply couldn't cope with the crowds in his rather small surgery, so he cleared a room in the basement of his house and converted that into an additional surgery for the injections.

The nurse came into the crowded waiting-room and said: "Some of you will have to be vaccinated in the basement."

"No ——— fear!" cried a working man. "I'll be done on the arm or I won't be done at all."

THE following notice was posted up at an R.A.F. station:

"Painting of the WAAF billet will take place on Monday next at 08.30 hours.

Personnel are to leave the room stripped as much as possible ready for the painters."

"I SAY, old man," said Brown, "where did you get that glamorous blonde I saw you with last night?" "I don't know really," replied Green. "I just opened my wallet and there she was."

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Time on the Wing

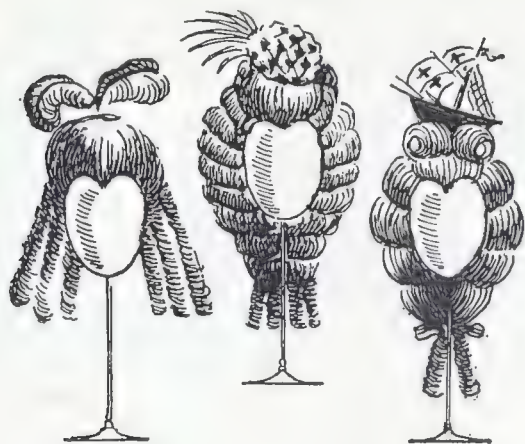
"Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing"—so wrote the poet: but many women, looking into their glass, have thought of Time simply as an enemy to their youth and beauty. But Time holds no terrors for the woman who knows how to protect her beauty. Truly, it seems that Time brushes these women with a dove's gentle wing in passing, turning the sparkle of youth into the sophisticated charm of maturity. It is not accidental that such women use always Pomeroy Beauty Preparations.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Deauville Again

OBJECTIVITY is as impossible in entertainment as it is in news. The poor old B.B.C. tries very hard to be objective and does sometimes get near it. But the fury of the strongly subjective newspapers, when they think they have caught the B.B.C. propagandising knows no bounds. When the humorous song, "I want to be a refugee from Britain" went over the air—and proved to be quite a good song in its genre—there were indignant protests. None of the protesters stopped to think what would happen to comedians if they were forced to be objective about everything—including kippers and mothers-in-law. None of them considered whether the song was not, in fact, in the direct line of the "I want to be in Dixie, or in Alabama or in anywhere but here" songs.

I am afraid there is a general desire to get out of politician-ridden England. I hope that aviation will minister to that desire and enable people sometimes to get away from regimentation, queues and discomforts. That is why I welcome the news that the Deauville Air Rally is to be revived this year. The Royal Aero Club has been asked to organize it on the lines of the pre-war rallies and the dates have been fixed for July 13-15. It was one of the pleasantest events of the earlier days of flying. It provides personal flyers with an object that is worth attaining. It gives a change and a stimulus at the same time. I am sure that, if the aircraft are available, the Deauville Rally will be even more popular than in the past.

One Swallow

Few people seem to have grasped the significance of the de Havilland Swallow. It is really an essay in an altogether new fighter formula—a formula which might easily spread to all aircraft. It is not simply another tail-less aircraft—for the Swallow has a tail. Tail-less aircraft have been going since the beginning of flying. There have been dozens of tail-less gliders, many tail-less power-driven aircraft. The aim in those aircraft of the past has always been primarily that of reducing drag by reducing the stuff that has to be dragged through the air.

The argument is that an empennage, including tailplane, elevator, fin and rudder, does no useful work. It is there solely for control purposes. So if it can be eliminated the so-called "wetted area" is reduced, the drag goes down and the performance of the aeroplane at a given power goes up. That was the old-fashioned approach to the tail-less aircraft. And the sharp sweep-back of the wings was to accommodate wing-tip controls that could do the job of the ordinary elevator.

Now, in the Swallow—which follows the formula first put forward by the German rocket-driven Messerschmitt 163—we have wing sweep back for a totally different reason. The sweep back is not to allow control from the wing tips, so much as to delay air compressibility troubles and so enable the aircraft to be given a higher top speed. But, having given the aircraft sweep back, part of the tail assembly can be dispensed with. The part chosen in both Me 163 and Swallow is the fixed tailplane and the elevator. But one might eliminate rudder and fin if one wished with a few changes. So the Swallow wants watching. It is typical of the de Havilland company, that they should be so quick to see the possibilities and so far ahead with their solution to new problems. De Havilland have always been quick off the mark; always seen clearly the problems and always reasoned carefully about them.

Dove

I AM going to continue to break my own rule never to select one company for special praise by referring now to the de Havilland Dove. There again we have a piece of logical reasoning and advanced thought. The Dove is the most advanced of all British transport aircraft. It is the outcome of close thought by practical men. It has all the new things that have proved to be good; tricycle undercarriage, reversing airscrews and so on. First cost is high; running cost low.

The Dove is going to carry the high reputation of British design and workmanship all round the world. By singling out that aircraft I am going to be charged with forgetting other good work. I am not forgetting it; but I am giving due tribute to what I regard as the British industry's best product yet.

More Helicopters

I KNOW little or nothing of the new helicopter that the Cunliffe-Owen Aircraft Company are working on, except that there is a link-up with the Cierva Autogiro Company. And it will be a good thing to have more firms studying helicopters here. We have been suffering from the paucity of experimental work. There is nothing so difficult to assess as the future of the helicopter. At one moment it looks bright, at the next it looks black. As always, however, success, if it comes, will emerge from failure. We must try more different kinds of helicopter over here if we hope to arrive at the right kind.

I know that the Sikorsky is a success within its limits. It works and works well. But it is clear that with the control complications—the separate pitch and azimuth sticks, and the rest of it—it has a limited field for ordinary use. There is scope for other, different solutions to helicopter problems. Easier control is one thing needed; better performance, especially in the region of weight lifting is another.

Of the Heathrow arrival of American aircraft—interspersed by Lancastrians—I hope to write on a future occasion.



Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, G.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., and Lady Park at Air House in Singapore. Air Chief Marshal Park, who was gazetted G.C.B. last week, has just relinquished his post as Allied Air Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, and is visiting New Zealand as a guest of the Government. He has not been back to his homeland since 1914 when he left as a gunner with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Lady Park is an assistant director of the British Red Cross

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER.
JUNE 12, 1946

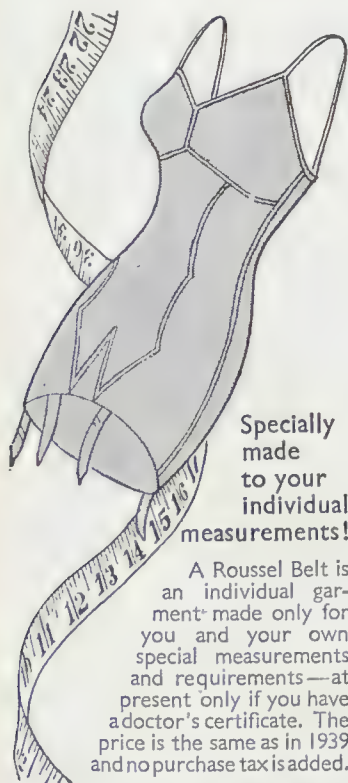
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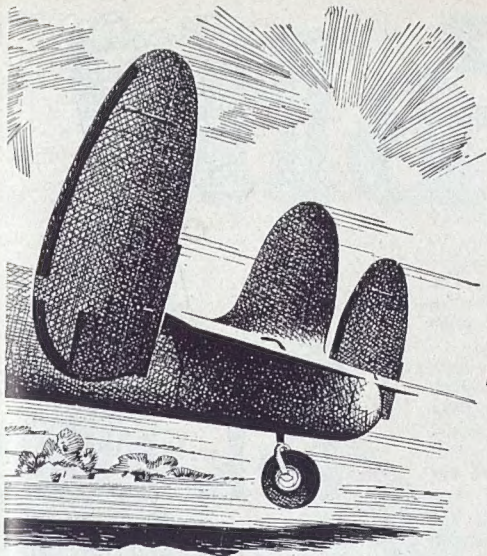


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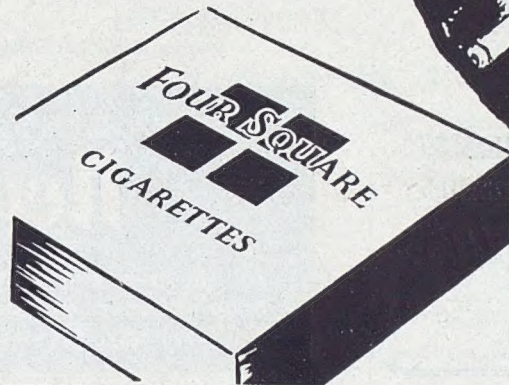
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Correct Fastenings—

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Those charming peasant blouses, with very full graceful sleeves are seen both for afternoons and evenings. But there is little charm in the sleeves unless their wrist-bands fasten closely to the arm, so they must always be made to fasten. Leave open the bottom of the sleeve seam an inch or two, for this, and hem the open edges, then sandwich the sleeve into a band of double material, which fasten with dainty snaps.

With the shortage of elastic, the idea now is to fit the lower part of the blouse with tucks or darts under the skirt, so that they grip the figure and make elastic at the waist unnecessary. This idea is neater, too. But if the blouse has only a short opening at the neck, you must make a placket in the base of the left side seam, so that you can slip the fitted waist over your head without tugging it. Fasten the placket with snaps.

Neweys make specially dainty snaps for afternoon frocks and blouses. They are rustless and washable, and you know of course how easy they are to sew on, with the tiny sewing-on guide made through their centres.

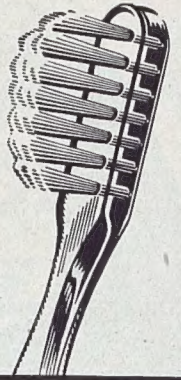
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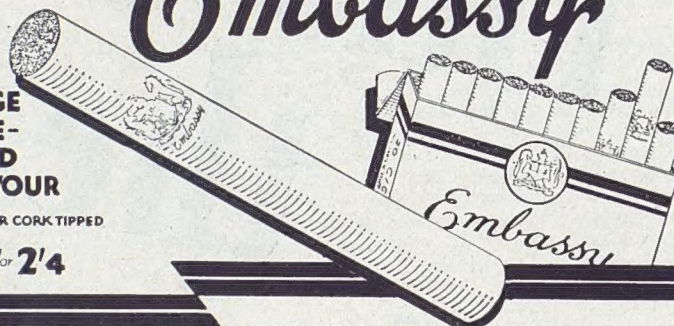
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